THE UNDERGRADUATE.

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The Undergraduate.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING COLLEGE YEAR.

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Editors' Table.

AFTER two years' experience as editor-in-chief, it is not without some feeling of relief that we bid our readers farewell. From experience we have learned and from work we have profited. On the past we have no reflections to make; but for the future we predict a bright success for the UNDERGRADUATE, and feel confident that the board of editors about to be elected will give to the college and our readers a valuable and interesting paper. To those who have helped us with subscriptions or contributions or have in any way supported the UNDERGRADUATE we are very grateful. To those who have not aided in any way we are very grateful, and hope they will aid the coming board. We wish especially to express our indebtedness to Prof. Wright and Mr. Thorp, who have aided us much in our work, and to Prof. Boyce, who has greatly helped us in obtaining alumni news.

FOR the benefit of those who have aspired to an election to the editorial board we would call attention to the following sections of the constitution:

Sec. 1. The Editors of the Undergraduate shall be chosen upon the following basis of competition: In order to be eligible the competitor must be a *member* of the association and must contribute matter for at least *three* numbers preceding the March (or last) issue before the election.

Sec. 2. The quality and amount of original matter written *expressly* for the Undergraduate.

Sec. 3. In close competition the one having submitted matter for the *most* issues in the year preceding his election, quality being the same, shall have the preference.

Several have contributed to only two numbers of the UNDERGRADUATE, while others have approached us during the last two issues with the desire to become candidates. Such persons are not eligible, and we cannot in fairness help them to a position on the board. The rules governing competition have been several times referred to in these columns; all manuscripts of the past year have been preserved and an account kept of each contributor. While we might personally wish to give many a position on the board, we must bide the results of the competition.

THE pleasant and extensive improvements upon the library, the increase in number of hours open and the closer attention to arrangement of books leads us to ask ourselves—For what purpose is a library? Although perhaps a broad question, yet we may answer it practically as a place where the student may come into a wide range of the best thought, a place for study and reference, a place for the benefit of each student and arranged for the convenience of the college as a whole. Considered as such, we are sure that every student wishes to conduct himself as is comportable to the good of all and as becomes the inviolate character of the place. The new rules recently put in practice are timely and appropriate. If we thoughtfully consider the matter, they require only that which becomes us properly as students. Our library allows

us blessings which are not given in all colleges, and we are confident that these new rules are a blessing, even though they should possibly be "a blessing in disguise" to some of us.

THE editor has gently suggested to the members of the faculty that we should be pleased to have their opinion on the question—How far should a student shape his course of college study with a view to the work in life he proposes to pursue? We think it safe to assume that they all will respond with from 150 to 200 words, so that it may be published in the next issue of the UNDERGRADUATE.

PROFESSOR WRIGHT'S talk after chapel a few weeks ago concerning the men whose pictures hang upon the walls of chapel suggests an interesting theme. How few of the interesting facts concerning the college, its history, and its noted men the average student knows.

Were an examination to be held, at which each student was asked a few questions concerning it, how many would win an even creditable mark, and how many would score a condition? Here are a few suggestive questions. 1. Tell concerning the founding of the college, giving date, and name of the man most influential in its accomplishment? 2. How many presidents has the college had? 3. Number of graduates, with the names of two who have attained wide fame? 4. When were the different buildings constructed; by whom was the money given, and what is the size of the buildings? 5. Give number of books in the library; how is money obtained for adding to the number? 6. When was the first class graduated, and what is the largest class ever graduated?

These are only a few of the many interesting things which might be asked, and these are things which every student ought to know. For how can love for the Alma Mater be fostered if we know not concerning her worth and her age, her high standing and her honor?

Perhaps no theme would stir up college spirit, the noble side of it, and awaken college enthusiasm more than an account given by some one acquainted thoroughly with the theme of some of the critical points in the college history, and some of the interesting happenings in the college life fifty years ago. Some of these things we get in the articles of the alumni in the UNDERGRADUATE and many more might be obtained if others would contribute their personal recollections of their own college days.

Our history as a college has extended over almost one hundred years. What more fitting memorial could be given the college by her many children as a centeunial gift than a detailed history of her good deeds and wide influence during her past life? And what more inspiring thing could be offered to her present students than such an account of those who have travelled before them up and down these walks, sat in these halls, and learned here the lessons preparatory for life's struggle?

General Literature.

ATTRACTIVE APPEARANCE OF BOOKS.

I am standing before a library shelf filled with books, every one of which is worthy of my perusal with care and thought. Which book shall I choose of them all to read this leisure time of mine?

I take down first an old friend, Irving's "History of New York," and open the covers. In vain I try to recognize in that fine cramped printing the features of my pleasant friend of bygone times. I lay it aside in dismay, and turn for another. This time I take down "Reveries of a Bachelor." Can it be that that yellow-leafed, dull-looking book is the same in contents as the one which I read in its dainty cover of white and gilt, with broad margins and clear type? Verily, how dress does change a book.

One more attempt I make. I take down with tender touch a book entitled, "Lowell's Poems." I just open its pages, and then closing them, I sadly replace it on the shelf and sit down to meditate. I ask myself what this thing means, what the difference is, why I do not know my friends, or, knowing, do not enjoy them as formerly.

My inevitable conclusion is that on the setting of a book depends largely the attractiveness of it. Were the most fascinating books in the world to be printed in the blear, indistinct, crowded, fine type which is sometimes used; and were it to be unattractively bound, with the leaves made of cheap, coarse paper, and having narrow margins, there would be fewer readers for it than there would be were it appropriately bound. Indeed, a common way that many employ in picking out a book, especially a novel, is to glance at the inside. If it looks interesting, it is taken; if otherwise, it is rejected.

Another suggestive thing in regard to the outside of books is in respect to their covers. One can tell a government report as far away as it can be seen; and law books likewise. Now suppose that some publisher should put the poems of Holmes, for instance, in the same binding used for law books. What an incongruous effect would be produced. Or, if a government report should be bound like Curtis's "From the East Chair," can you imagine the effect?

Indeed, there seems to be an appropriate binding and type for different kinds of books, and this fact seems to have taken a firm hold of publishers of recent years and led them to vie with each other in producing attractive, appropriate bindings for books. The bright colors, the dainty designs, the artistic arrangement seem to be a modern invention; and the dull blacks and browns are seldom found on the new shelves of a library, but are confined now to the books published by a previous generation.

Such were my thoughts after my attempt to find a desired book on the library shelf; and not till I turned a corner and came to the recent publications did I find myself entirely at home.

"SOMETHING NEW FOR CHAPEL STAGE."

There is always enough and to spare delivered from chapel stage upon the subject of what we shall write about. Plea upon plea is offered for something new, something novel, something different, the writers evidently forgetting how centuries ago the proverb-writer told the world that there was "nothing new under the sun." When he, after searching through the vast treasury of his knowledge, came to that sad conclusion, shall we in our folly try to surpass the wisdom of Solomon and invent "something new for chapel stage"?

One very notable fact in regard to these reformers who harp on the strain of novelty is, that they themselves are using an old subject, one worn out and retired, then reintroduced and worn out again times without number. And another fact is that they never suggest to us a list of subjects and then furnish us with ideas, new ones, of course, with which to fill them out. They content themselves with standing off on the top of the pinnacle of the most thoroughly worn-out subject of them all, and, surveying those around them perched on the lesser pinnacles, raise their voices and wildly gesticulate in their efforts to induce the others to venture off into the untried fields beyond.

Such is the position of these would-be reformers, and they apparently never consider that, as in other things, so in essay subjects, example is of far more weight than exhortation and practice more efficacious than preaching.

It is true that there are subjects which perhaps have never been written for this audience. Here is an example: "The Worth of the Encyclopædia Britannica." Now this is a broad field, with room for copious illustrations in the shape of extracts from those volumes. Here is a subject, yet who would wish to listen to such an essay or oration? All we care is that that encyclopædia is useful and reliable and that it is within our reach.

Some attention ought, therefore, to be paid to the tastes of the audience; and that taste has been satiated long ago with the dainty masses served up in the form of "Pleas for Novelty in Chapel Subjects." Let the next one who contemplates taking that subject carefully prepare a list of themes, new, untried, yet known to be such as would suit the taste of the audience; let him devise outlines, copious ones, of each subject, and present that as a panacea. Such a list, posted on the bulletin board, would probably be frequently consulted, and would prove a blessing indeed.

PLEASURE IN TODAY.

What need is there for any one to be sorrowful today because he was so yesterday, or to be sombre today because there is a possibility of some unhappiness in an indefinite tomorrow?

> "Because a day of my days to come
> There awaiteth a grief to be,
> Shall my life be mute and my heart be dumb
> In this day that is bright for me?"

Certainly it is the supremest folly to cast a shadow over a bright present by thoughts of a future which at the best is uncertain, and which may be proven to hold the sweetest joy one has ever tasted. There is more than idle fancy in the two old fashioned proverbs, "Don't cry over spilt milk," and "Never cross a bridge till you get to it." If they were more fully and more generally heeded, much of the unhappiness of mortals would take flight, for certainly much of it is caused by imagining evils which never materialize.

Though improvidence is necessarily bad, yet to a great extent the wisest course for men is to live in the present, enjoying "the blessings of this day if God sends

them, and the evils of it bear(ing) patiently and sweetly," keeping ever the thought that all these present things will change, and to him to whom now comes evil on the morrow may come great joy. Therefore, always holding the present as temporary, let us still enjoy in it all that it is possible, for "it alone is ours; we are dead to yesterday, and not yet born to tomorrow."

If by considering the past it were posssible for us to brighten it or our present or add joy to our future, there would be some sense in the contemplation. But when such a consideration adds no joy nor goodness, it were wiser to leave it alone; for joy is a great beautifier both of soul and body; and he who is joyful each moment in his present thought adds to the sum total of the world's happiness and thus is good and does good. Therefore,

"Take joy home
And make a place in thy great heart for her
And give her time to grow and cherish her.
Then will she come and oft will sing to thee
When thou art working in the furrows; aye,
Or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn.
It is a comely fashion to be glad;
Joy is the grace we say to God."

A LEGEND.

Have you heard this curious legend old,
Of a little blue flower with heart of gold?
Well, then, listen, my child, I will tell it to thee
Just as the fairy folk told it to me.

Beside a clear lake that in beauty once lay
In a lone dim old wood, there blossomed one day
A tiny blue floweret blue as the skies
Toward which it uplifted its innocent eyes.

The floweret daily more beautiful grew,
But it grew all alone, and often the dew
In great shining teardrops came out on its face,
So lonely and comfortless seemed all the place.

So the poor little flower lost its beautiful hue:
You would hardly mistrust that it ever was blue,
And I fear 'twould have died, right there on the spot,
And none would have known sweet forget-me-not.

If a rollicking sunbeam in mischievous dance
Had not happened to cast on the floweret a glance,
One look and he quickly flew down from above
And with the sweet flower fell deeply in love.

Then under his warm smile her color came back
And for sweet friendship no more did she lack;
The sly little sunbeam crept into her heart
And became of her beauty the loveliest part.

Since that time, oh my child, they've been always together
Through cloud and brightness in all kinds of weather,
And many brave gallants and fair ladies gay
Have chosen their colors, and wear them for aye.

For they say that no color surpasses the blue
Which blooms on the face of the flower so true,
And nothing can equal the sheen of the gold
Seen deep in its heart as the petals unfold.

So this is the story the fairies have told
Of the flower that is painted with blue and with gold;
Wear those colors, fair child, and while life shall endure
May they guard and keep thee true, gentle and pure.

Alumni News.

[*At a meeting of the Associated Alumni, Commencement, '91, it was unanimously resolved: "That we heartily endorse* THE UNDERGRADUATE *and warmly recommend it to the Alumni as a valuable means for furthering our common interests in the college and our interests in each other." We respectfully solicit your subscriptions and contributions. Class-histories, reminiscences, obituaries, biographies, literary articles, and papers upon current topics are always in order and desired.*]

CIRCUIT COURT OF COOK COUNTY,
Judge ABNER SMITH.

CHICAGO, MARCH 4, 1895.

PROF W. W. EATON, MIDDLEBURY, VT.

Dear Sir:—

I have just been reading the last number of the UNDERGRADUATE, and I desire to express my appreciation of the publication and enclose a small check which may be regarded as a subscription for one year for as many persons as it will pay for, hoping you will send it to all members of the class of '66 and as many other graduates as the amount enclosed will pay for, to be selected by yourselves. I think the UNDERGRADUATE is a very enjoyable publication to those who once belonged to the institution, and possibly my little subscription may result in a permanent increase of your subscribers. It is only through the UNDERGRADUATE that I am able to keep track of any considerable number of those who were connected with the college in my own time. I have been prompted to send you this letter by reading the article "To Alumni" in the February number, written by yourself and Profs. Howard and Wright.

Sincerely yours,

ABNER SMITH, '66.

[That "small check" was for twenty-five dollars. —Ed.]

'23. One of our State papers says, in substance, that Hon. Merritt Clark, who has just entered upon the 93d year of his age at his home in Poultney, is still strong and his mind is as clear and resourceful as in years of the past. He is still quite busy, spending much of his time in literary work and works of art.

He is the oldest living member of the Vermont Legislature, the oldest living ex railway president in New England and third oldest survivor of the alumni of Middlebury college.

'29. Prof. T. J. Sawyer of Tufts College in a letter to Prof. Eaton recently says: I rejoice in the prosperity of my Alma Mater, though so long away from her. I am an old man of 91. I was the oldest of my class, as the Hon. Daniel Roberts of Burlington was the youngest.

'36. Dr. James D. Butler in a recent personal letter says: Of the class of '36 I know the addresses of no survivors of my twenty-eight save Griswold, Slade and Whiteside, and only with the first have I often met. Visiting Rutland last season, it was my hope to attend commencement, but I was called West too soon. Two weeks from to-day my eighty years will have come full circle. The members of the Quin Quaginta literary club have been invited by Dr. Adams to hold a special meeting at his house. If I am not then killed with kindness, I may hope to enjoy "unregarded age in corners thrown" some time. Few men attend their own funerals, though it is said that Charles V. and Lord Timothy Dexter did, and such is apparently my fate.

'39. The Rev. Lathrop Taylor died Jan. 25 at Wheaton, Ill., in his 82d year. After graduating from the Theological Seminary at Andover, Mass., he entered upon his life work, a preacher of the gospel, in which service he continued uninterruptedly for nearly fifty years. He had also been for several years a trustee of Wheaton College. He leaves a noble record.

'48. Dr. J. E. Rankin delivered the address at Frederick Douglass' funeral.

'54. Rev. Benjamin Labaree, D. D., 53 Fifth Ave., New York city, who has been for thirty-three years a missionary to Persia, has been obliged to remain in this country on account of his daughter's health. He has recently been appointed Recording Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian church. This office involves the keeping of the Board's minutes, correspondence with candidates, and certain other responsibilities affecting the home work of missions.

'69. President Rufus C. Flagg of Ripon College Wisconsin, in renewing his subscription says: Permit me to say that I enjoy the "UNDERGRADUARE" very much. It has improved of late or my appetite for the matter contained is keener. I rejoice greatly in the evidence of growth which Middlebury shows as she approaches her one-hundredth birthday.

'69. G. W. Ellis, Esq.. '68, 155 Broadway, New York, sends us a letter received from a friend in Colorado which contains news regarding Mr. Church, '69, and we take the liberty to publish a portion of the letter. "Your two very pleasant letters were duly received and read with delight. It is very charming certainly, for such very nice people as are represented by yourself, to wish the presence in New York of a such 'wild and wooly' Westerner as your humble servant. New York must be converted to a bimetallic standard and I am endeavoring to consummate that result by supplying one of the most renowned New Yorkers with such financial literature as will leave no possible doubt in his mind at least as to the correctness and ultimate justice of Colorado's position on bimetallism. St. Lawrence county men are certainly becoming very prominent citizens. I suppose you already know that Frank Church was recently made chairman of the Fire and Police Commission of this city. St. Lawrence county is a good place to get away from."

'71. Prof. C. W. Hall. of the University of Minnesota, spoke at the annual meeting and banquet of the Vermonters of that State recently held at Minneapolis.

'74. The Rev. C. C. Gove, headmaster of Cary Collegiate Seminary, Oakfield, N. Y., will officiate during the six Sundays in lent at St. Paul's church, Rochester, N. Y. Mr. Gove took services in the same church eleven Sundays last summer.

'74. The *New Hampshire Journal* has the following: Rev T. W. Darling received a unanimous call to his old parish in Wentworth, N. H. There is a fact of history about this call of Mr. Darling's that is well worth our notice, as we dare say it may not be true of any other Congregational minister in this State. It is the third term pastorate that this people have enjoyed with Rev. Mr. Darling. If the third term is as yet unknown in presidential circles, it certainly is not an unknown thing in the Congregational ministry of New Hampshire, and Rev. T. W. Darling is the man that enjoys this honor (but bears it, as is his custom, with honors laid upon him and he is worthy of them all). Please report the next third-term man. The writer has been in the work more or less con-

tinuously for thirty years, and this is the first instance of the kind he ever knew. Rev. Mr. Darling bore a prominent part among the ministry of Sullivan county, having been scribe of the Sullivan County association and filling many offices of trust and confidence among the churches. He has left pleasant memories of his always kindly manner toward his brethren—charitable to all, a true friend and brother. The association also loses one of its best preachers, possessing a rare element of originality peculiar to himself which clothed every subject he touched with rare interest. His mind seemed naturally to seek in every topic the untrodden way, the unfamiliar view, which made him a very attractive speaker both on the platform and in the pulpit.

'75. C. M. Wilds, Esq., spoke at the meeting of the State Young Men's Republican club held in Burlington, February 12.

'82. Prof. S. J. Preston of Mamaroneck, N. Y., writes in a recent letter as follows: The UNDERGRADUATE is always a welcome visitor to my study. Success to the "old College", success to the UNDERGRADUATE and the staff of editors.

'84. G. E. Lathrop is in the banking business at Sibley, Iowa.

'84. Frank H. Knowlton of the National Museum, Washington, D. C., has an interesting article on lichens in the Popular Science News for March. Dr. Knowlton writes Prof. Boyce that he is going to enter upon a geological survey of portions of Colorado and Wyoming early in May and expects to be absent until September or October.

'84. Rev. Frank B. Hyde, who has been in the West for two years past, is in business in Albany, N. Y. He recently passed a few days in town.

'86. Rev. Marvin Hill Dana has resigned the rectorship of the church at Greenbush, N. Y.

'88. E. L. Allen has been appointed law stenographer of the Court of Common Pleas at Pittsburgh, Penn., at a salary of $2500 with fees.

'88. Rev. E. J. Klock has an article in *Shooting and Fishing* of February 21, on "Duck Shooting in Florida".

'90. A. B. Pease, Esq, of Chicago, who had been in Washington on business, visited in town on his way back, March 2-4.

'91. T. H. Noonan is practicing law in Buffalo, N Y.; office at 93 White Building.

The *American Journal of Archæology* for October-November, 1894, contains an article by Professor Sanford, in which he describes "The New Faun from the Quirinal," Rome, and gives some beautiful reproductions from plates taken by himself.

Rev. Dr. D. Sage MacKay of Newark, N. J., delivered a lecture of the course on the evening of Feb. 27. His subject was "Scottish Folk Lore." He spoke very entertainingly and authoritively, having only been a resident of this country for a few years. He illustrated his talk by several anecdotes of his ancestors, and was listened to with closest attention. This is the second time he has addressed us as students, and his coming is an especial pleasure. He has the regard of the student body to an unusual degree, and we hope he may become a frequent visitor to our college.

At the reunion of Buffalo members of Delta Upsilon held at the Niagara Hotel on Friday evening, Feb. 15, two Middlebury alumni were present. At the banquet Rev E J. Klock. '88. replied to the toast —"The Garfield Type of Manhood", and T. H. Noonan, '91, to "The Lawyer". Other colleges represented were Union, Marietta, Howard, Rutgers, Columbia and Michigan.

At the annual reunion and banquet of the New England association of Chi Psi, which was held at the University club, Boston, on Monday eveniug, Feb. 25, four Middlebury alumni were present, also Charles L. Ross, '95. Hon. E. W. Howe, '69, acted as toastmaster and G. H. Remele. '72, as choragus. Speeches were made by Rev. Dr. G. R. W. Scott, '64, and Dr. J. B. Brainerd, '79. Other colleges represented were Brown, Amherst, Bowdoin, Williams and Wesleyan.

The publication of the Junior class annual, the *Kaleidoscope*, has been assured by the liberal financial support given it and will appear during the spring term. We think we are justified in looking for an unusually interesting annual this year, and an able corps of editors have it a-making. Alumni may receive a copy by addressing the business manager, J. E. Goodman.

Town and Campus.

Fullam, '95, spent Sunday, Feb. 17, at his home in Ludlow.

Miss Goodwin, '97, was recently initiated into the Alpha Chi.

Rice, '98, recently fell in the gymnasium, receiving a severe bruise.

Miss Ware, '96, has been ill for a few days, but has now recovered.

Grant, '95, and Parkhurst, '97, have recently recovered from illness.

Barlow, Douglass, Fullam and Vicker, '95, have formed a walking club.

Wales, '96, who has been ill at Prof. Eaton's, has now returned to work.

Noyes, U. V. M. '98, recently visited some of his former classmates here.

Prof. Wright lectured in Brattleboro the 13th inst. in the high school course.

Prentis, '98, spent Saturday and Sunday, March 2 and 3, with Botsford, '98.

Miss Rogers, '95, has been quite ill with tonsilitis, but is now back in college.

We are sorry to hear of the illness of Prentiss, '96, but trust he will soon return.

Miss Ruth Noyes of Brattleboro spent Feb. 15 to 18 with her friend, Miss Allen, '98.

The young son of Prof. Boyce has been made the recipient of a gift from the students.

Miss Tyler, '96, recently supplied the place of one of the high school teachers a few days.

Goodman and Lamson, '96, rececently spent a day in Burlington on *Kaleidoscope* business.

Miss Whitney, '98, spent Washington's birthday at her home in South Ashburnham, Mass.

Miss Verder, '95, was confined to her room by illness several days the first of the month.

Mrs. Henckels and her two daughters have gone to Syracuse, N. Y., to spend several weeks.

Fitzpatrick, '96, who taught a twelve-weeks term of school in East Middlebury, has returned.

Dorsey, formerly of '95, recently closed a very successful term of school in the Case district.

Coombs, '98, has an advertisement in this issue to which the attention of the students is called.

Miss Pollard, '96, went to Cornwall March 9 to organize a junior Christian Endeavor society there.

Prescott Kimball, '97, has been ill with the grip for a week, but returned to college Monday week last.

Mrs. Barton, Miss Roseman and Roscoe, '96, and Jordan, '98, recently sang at a sociable in Cornwall.

Miss Ranslow, '94, was recently obliged to be absent from her school for a week on account of illness.

Prof. and Mrs. Janes were called to Middlebury, Feb. 22, by the death of Mrs. Janes' grandmother, Mrs. Linsley.

A number of young people, including several college students, drove to Vergennes March 3 to hear Bishop Hall.

Russell, 96, who has recently been ill, was back on March 12 on a visit. He purposes returning to college next term.

Miss Ross, '95, returned to college the 11th, after having spent a week at her home in Rutland on account of illness.

Miss Janes, '97, went to her home in St. Albans to spend Washington's birthday. She was accompanied by Miss Holden, '97.

Hamilton, U. V. M. '98, was the guest of Rice and Dunton for a few days following the mid-year examinations at that institution.

Miss Clark, '94, finished her school at Bridport Feb. 22, and passed through here the next Tuesday on her way to her home at Ludlow.

The Junior chemistry class has spent the last three weeks of the term in recitation work on the metals, preparatory for the laboratory work next term.

The Elective Roman Topography class, under Prof. Sanford, are preparing maps of ancient Rome. These maps are to take the place of an examination at the close of the term.

The Y. W. C. A. gave, on the evening of Feb. 13, a reception at Battell Hall to the young ladies of the college. After a literary and musical programme, refreshments were served.

Prof. Howard was absent from college March 7 to 12 on account of a visit of the grip. He was to have lectured in the Cornwall course, but was obliged to postpone it on that account.

A party of thirty four of the students, with Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, spent the evening of Feb. 22 at Bridport. An entertainment was given by the students at the church, after which refreshments were served at the hall.

The Y. W. C. A. elected on March 5 the following officers: President, Miss Pollard, '96; vice-president,

Miss Goodwin, '97; corresponding secretary, Miss Gerould, '97; recording secretary, Miss Cramton, '98; treasurer, Miss Holden, '97

Smith Shedrick, ex '97, was married on the evening of March 6, in the Congregational church at Bridport, to Miss Faith Huntley by Rev. W. N. Bacon of the class of '53. They immediately started for Sandusky, Ohio, where Mr. Shedrick is to engage in the lumber business. His classmates, Brown and Whitney, acted as ushers.

The college entertainment was a success both financially and otherwise. After the symphony, which was generally declared one of the most beautiful things ever given here, Aunt Jerusha Dow, in the person of Mr. Jackson, displayed her family album, giving a short and witty description of each of the thirty two pictures. Ninety dollars was cleared.

JUNIOR SPEAKERS.

The appointments for Junior Exhibition have been awarded as follows: Frank N. Davis, Hall Stream, P. Q.; Charles E. Fitzpatrick, Middlebury; Guy C. Lamson, Brattleboro; Carl M. Merrill, Middlebury; James Moore, Amboy Center, N. Y.; Charles A. Munroe, Middlebury; Charles W. Prentiss, Middlebury; W. Bryant Wilcox, Crown Point, N. Y.; Miss Ava L. Hawley, Middlebury, Miss Caddie M. Swiney, Holyoke, Mass.; Miss Alice F. Tyler, Townsend, Mass.; Miss Mabel H. Ware, Shelburne Falls, Mass. The judges were E. H. Thorp, Dr. E. H. Martin and Rev. C. N. Thomas. A. C. Wales and L. C. Russell were prevented from competing on account of sickness.

College Notes.

Foot-ball has been prohibited at Georgetown College.

Over 26,000 students have been graduated from Harvard.

The running expenses of Harvard for a year are nearly $1,000,000.

More than 4000 American college men are now preparing for the ministry.

John D. Rockfeller has donated something over $3,000,000 to Chicago University.

Syracuse will soon have a system of electric bells to summon the students to recitation.

Henry Clark, professor of botany at Chicago University, is not twenty one years old.

Harvard has a photograph of every graduate since 1872, numbering in all about 26,000.

Ninety two Yale graduates have been college presidents, and seventeen cabinet officers.

It is stated that the present United States Senate contains but eighteen college graduates.

Bates College will build a library in memory of James G. Blaine, one of their former trustees.

In the past twelve years Yale has scored 5,614 points in foot ball to her opponents' 119.

The libraries and scientific collections owned by the government are maintained at an annual cost of $4,000,000.

Oberlin College, in Ohio, has the distinction of being the first college to open its doors to women. It is to-day one of the richest and most prosperous colleges in the country.

The greatest thing any man has to do is to live, and it ought to be the thing that he does best. He should not be known merely as a success in his vocation, as first in his profession or in affairs, but as first in character.—*Ex.*

The president of Brown University has completed a history of the United States. President Andrews has worked very hard upon this book, and has given us just what college students want; he has traced events with their influence on economics and politics.

The *Scholastic* has succeeded in unearthing the following code of rules from a Texan college: 1. The use of firearms in the president's room is strictly prohibited. 2. Saddles and bridles must not be hung on the chandeliers. 3. Vocal culture must be taken behind the barn.

The parent of a Yale man, who lives in New York city, being very desirous of having his son take Sunday dinner at home, has chartered a special train to be run at a suitable hour Sunday night for all the New York Yale men to get back to New Haven in time for Monday morning recitations. The railroad company refused absolutely to run such a train, knowing that it would not pay, and the fond parent has agreed to pay the deficiency each week. It is said that his Sunday dinners will cost him considerable unless the traffic Sunday night increases very materially over that of last week. The Yale students are advertising the train as best they can.

Exchanges.

As we look over our exchanges for the last time, we recognize familiar friends, and as is man's wont, they seem more valuable when they are about to be denied us as one of their number. A sigh escapes us, and we exclaim, unfortunate exchanges! For we recall that the majority of them are changing editorial boards about this time and must become acqainted with untried friends, and perhaps some will be ruthlessly changed so we shall hardly recognize them when we see them again. And in saying farewell we wish to thank our exchanges who have considered us so favorably and ask many of them to pardon us for neglecting to mention them when they have oftentimes been worthy of mention. We feel that we have received much more than we have given, as our exchange column has been short and oftentimes omitted, but we beg to ask our friends to believe that no "kind-deeds" go unrewarded. And as we take up the *Colby Echo* and read "Holidays and Sports in Old New England," we realize our "cask" has run empty, and we simply give the following clipping from said article:

Many funny stories are told of the early Thanksgiving Days. The town of Colchester one year calmly ignored the Governor's appointed day, and postponed its festival until a sloop should arrive from New York, bringing a hogshead of molasses for pumpkin pies. Another story is told of a farmer who lost his cask of Thanksgiving molasses as he was going up a steep hill, and rolled it to the bottom and split it in twain. The good man's discomfiture and the reception he received at home from his wife need not be dwelt upon.

The *Brown Magazine* gives its readers the following advice: "Freshmen and Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors, as college students and as men, we must pull our hands out of the pockets of our past, lay hold of the present, and hammer the *now* into links that shall hook to-day with yesterday and bind it with to-morrow for an unmourned eternity."

We give from the *Reveille* the last three verses of an effusion entitled "Logic":

He closed his eyes and said no more,
But opened wide his chamber door,
And fiercely cast upon the floor
His Logic.

A tear stood in his mild (?) blue eye,
As bidding his chum a last good bye,
He said, "Plug hard and you'll stand high
In Logic."

"But I am going to a spot
Where syllogisms they are not,
A place where even it's too hot
For Logic."

The *Yale Record* sings the two following:

The landlady's daughter was singing a song,
In a voice that was sweet as could be;
And the burden thereof was a statement old,
"There are lots of good fish in the sea."

The Freshman up stairs of his dinner thought
When he heard of "good fish," did he;
And he sighed, for the day was Friday, alas!
To think they were all in the sea.

TWO ARMS.

'Twas a Boston maid I was calling on,
I thought I'd put on a bluff,
So I spoke of Latin poetry,
For I knew she liked such stuff.

But she wasn't so slow as you might suppose,
In spite of her learning immense,
When I asked what Latin poem
Best expressed her sentiments.

For the Boston maid, who in classic shade,
Was supposed to defy Love's charms,
Just hung her head and demurely said,
"I sing of men and of arms."

THE EDITOR'S UNPUBLISHED POEMS.

Before passing over our inheritance to other hands we fear we might be accused of covetousness should we fail to give our readers a sample of some of the "poetical effusion" which has monthly come to our sanctum. In doing this we feel that no apology to our readers or authors is necessary, as both alike will doubtless be glad to see it in print. Now, we are by nature non-poetical and unable to appreciate much of this material. However, we recall a familiar adage that "all is not gold that glitters," and, fashioning a similiar sentence, perhaps we might say, all is not poetry that rhymes. Many of the poems handed us are good, nearly, in places, while many are too long and nearly all show a lack of work. Poetical contributions from the Freshman class have been very liberal, and we feel confident that there is talent in this class, with opportunity, to make a long-fellow or a home(s). Without further introductory remarks allow us to present to you a few selections taken at random. The first (poem) we take up is contributed by a first year's man and is untitled. The first three verses run thus:

The moon was singing fast behind
A cloud, when time bid "rest";
The chains of sleep began to bind
And warn me to my "nest".

The wind with sad ferocity,
The moaning still kept up
And poured with fierce impetuosity
That never seemed to stop.

The rain which now and then did fall
Around the building dark,
With voiceless mouths it seemed to call
In dull tones simply "Hark".

Then, omitting the next two verses, it fires its farewell salute.

The poet philosophical
Is, I believe, called true,
Not being philological,
I now must bid adieu.

The next we come to is entitled "Experience is a Hard Teacher." It was written in remembrance of an occurrence of last term, if we remember rightly. At any rate, suffice it to say that it was written. Its last verse speaks tersely and plain:

Since you have learned by sad defeat,
It's needless now to state
That speedy vengeance comes to him
Who insults ninety-eight.

We come next to a very long temperance poem, longer than Samson's hair, and if the author didn't lose his strength by the time he had finished it, he failed to do his duty. This poem is entitled, "Our Nation's Curse," and shows hard work and considerable merit, but no temperate man would think of publishing it in a college paper. We insert a verse or two taken at random; any of them are good:

It was on a stormy evening,
When the wintry wind howled low,
When the dark and nightly shadows
Brooded o'er the homes below.

Being of a somewhat inquisitive mind in most everything except mathematics, we wondered just where those "homes below" were located. We concluded if the author meant below the habitation of your humble servant, he was getting below the millimeter of the metric system and it was time to "let up."

That a boy of fairest beauty,
Faint from hunger, stung with cold,
Hastened through the storm and darkness
To a well determined goal.

Now that verse is probably poetical, but it reminded us of the Vergennes foot ball game, and consequently it lost all its poetical beauty for us.

The next poem comes from a different source and is titled "Longing." It describes "that tired feeling, lonely and longing" which will not "quench," and the sound of a violin through a window, open perhaps:

"And up from the village before me
The clatter and noise and din."

But in spite of all the din, dinner and dun the memory "will not down," and the author goes on singing as follows:

O sweet, should you hear that ballad,
Should you play it and sing it once more
Would you think of the friend who loved it
Whose heart is heavy and sore?

In spite of all that has happened,
In spite of the time fled away,
I love you, and cherish you fondly
As I did before that day.

I wish night and morn for thy coming,
For some word of remembrance and peace;
Not till that message comes, love,
Shall my longing and sadness cease.

When we received this poem we were effulgent with joy and straightway essayed to publish it; but happening to meet the authoress, on our way to the printing office, we asked her if it was written for the benefit of the editor, and she gently and sweetly replied that it was "intended for the other fellow." Then we went on our way experiencing "that tired feeling, lonely and longing," and all our hopes, with those of the poem being published, were "quenched."

The last and perhaps the best comes titled "Sunset". It begins with "the hour of twilight" and "the sun sunk to rest" and depicts the beauty of the sun setting, or rather the setting sun,

"Until the golden glory
Was lost in golden hue.
* * * * * * *
And sundry golden patches
In cold, dark-blue were blent.

Does not the great Creator
In dying day's last scene
For mortal man's instruction
A faithful lesson mean?

Were all the sky so gilded
At closing of the day,
We'd miss that splendent grandeur,
The sun's departing ray.

For, is it not the contrast
Of clouds and cheerless sky
With cheerful radiant sunshine
Wherein the beauties lie?

Thus cares and heavy sorrows
But make man's pleasures glow
With joy and peace celestial—
I gazed again, and, lo!

The gleaming gold was dimming
And soon did vanish quite;
Thin, hazy darkness only
Embraced the snowy white.

Ah, fleeting hours! how transient
The life to mortals doomed!
A joy, a fevered longing,
A grief—the silent tomb.

Yet, in life's briefest compass
What countless duties lie!
Work, then, lest, naught accomplished,
He beckons from on high.

A TRIP TO THE LAND OF "NOD."

It was a chill February eve. Without, the mournful wind wailed about the windows and whistled down the chimney, drearily. The pale stars had hid their faces. The moon forgot to shine. All was cold, dark and comfortless. "Jack Frost," insinuating his airy form through stone wall, ceiling and plastering, now began a silent battle with the heat issuing from my stove. Already he had caused the benign enemy to retreat toward the rear of the room, where it gallantly resisted all attacks, still remaining immovable about its source.

Alas! Why should the god of slumbers haunt such a place? With his unpretentious charms he treacherously allured me. My head became heavy. All thought of rushes or flunks, passes or conditions slipped from my troubled mind and I found myself in the land of "Nod."

I was on a barren island, upon whose sandy shores the colorless waves of an ocean washed. Nothing could be heard but the dull, monotonous tone of the restless waters.

No houses, no vegetation, no animals were to be seen in that solitary place; nothing but the skeletons of a man and boy. The skeletons arise. They stagger toward me. In ghostly tones the man says: "Good morrow, pilgrim. Thou art come to the land of Nod. This sea which washes upon its shores is called the 'Mystic Never.' My name is McGinty and this" (as he spoke, he placed his bony hand on the little skeleton's head) "this is McGinty the Kid."

Whither had I come? Where could I go? What could I say? I was staring at the ghost of those heroic and famous persons, who were lost in the bottom of the sea.

"Ghosts," did I say? Yes, but not as we think of them, with flowing robes and silken hair, but bleached skeletons, gazing at me through empty eye-sockets.

Soon the larger spook spake again. "Thou wishest that thou wert home; hadst thou been here but a few minutes earlier, thou mightest have returned on the bridge 'Unintelligibility', but that giant edifice has disappeared beneath the waters to remain for countless hours. Oh 'fool and slow of heart,' 'Why dost thou scorn this happy land? My son and I once lived on earth, but our names became the recipients of ridicule and abuse, and thou, oh pilgrim (he pointed his bony fingers at me) thou hast laughed and scoffed at the sublime and awful name, 'McGinty.'" "Come boy," said he to the little fellow, "sing us the song of 'Abstractness.'" With that, the little spook broke out in horrible, hollow tones with no words or meaning. When he had finished, my soul grew stronger and I cried with outstretched arms: "Oh, ghost or hobgoblin, skeleton of McGinty or devil, whatever or whoever you are, take pity on a despairing, wandering soul. Take me home."

The figure before me glided toward the shore, beckoning me with his long white forefinger. I tried not to obey, but to no avail. Something impelled me steadily, noiselessly toward him; how I do not know.

Grasping in the air, and then wildly tightening his bony fist he said, "This is the stick called 'nothing' which I hold in my hand." It was both invisible and intangible to me.

"On this stick will I take you home", continued McGinty.

After making a motion as if he were throwing something into the water, he grasped me in his bony clutches and set me on the little end of "nothing" by the side of McGinty the Kid and himself. "I will order the wind 'vacancy' to blow," he said, "and that will send us over the 'never' to the land of 'nowhere'".

He then gave a loud, hollow roar and a pushing force from behind sent us into the ghastly depths of the colorless sea.

As we sailed along I would catch glimpses of objects in the water, but could not see them long enough to discern what they might be.

McGinty, knowing my secret query, said: "Those are fishes called 'invisibles', for they can only be seen when you do not look at them."

I then directed my attention to the shores. At times a sandy beach would appear near by; then they would move farther and farther away, frequently changing into a rocky ledge or a swampy grove. Here and there large stones would rise before us, but as we approached they would vanish.

No sun shone on that mystic sea. No moon ever lent her blissful rays to that place. All the light that was given came from the utter absence of darkness.

At last the beach seemed to approach us, and partly by leaping, partly by falling I found myself on the beach on the side of the two McGintys. "Pilgrim," said my guide, "this is the land of "Nowhere". As he spoke the land suddenly moved onward at a tremendous speed. McGinty, seeing my agitation because of this, said, "Fear not; the earthquake 'Changeable' hath possession of this island and placeth it where she chooseth. It was only by her kindness that we were permitted to land. Come with me."

Whereupon we mounted up on wings as eagles, and soon saw many castles into the air. Entering one, we saw a school.

The teacher's name was "Miss Know-Nothing." She was deathly pale and wore long, flowing white garments. As she spoke to me the rag tied underneath her chin untied and her chin dropped upon her chest. The pupils were little impish beings studying books they called "unaccomplished." The seats and desks of the house were exceedingly treacherous, sometimes vanishing, leaving the pupils on the floor. McGinty told me that the name of these was "Unaccountable."

I longed to return home and we soon found ourselves again on the little end of "nothing" in the colorless waters of the "Never," being pushed onward by "Vacancy" into a strange river, whose waters could not be seen by mortal eyes.

Finally a large alligator appeared, whose mouth extended to his tail. His mouth was open. We were sailing directly toward him. "Fear not!" said my guide, "this alligator 'Emptiness' will carry thee over the rest of thy journey."

We gradually neared him, and oh, horrors of horrors! McGinty deposited me in the mouth of the terrible reptile. "Emptiness" shut his mouth and walked solemnly away.

Little do I know of the scenery from that point; beyond that the ground was very rough, for I was continually being jogged about inside of "emptiness."

The alligator was crawling along at his wearisome gait when I awoke safe and sound in my own room. The dawn had already come and the "curfew" bell was loudly pealing.

PENSIVE '98.

Prof. Henckels lectured Friday evening, March 15. He took for his subject Goethe's Faust and its moral. The professor has given this author special study and his lecture was the product of careful and arduous thought. It was admirably written and attentively listened to. The professor did not fail to work into his introduction his much-esteemed idea that men go to college to *work*. The next lecture of the course will be given by Prof. Riggs of Plattsburgh, on Saturday evening. The subject will be Tennyson. The following lectures have also been arranged for: April 17, Rev. G. W. Perry; May 3, E. L. Temple; May 17, Rev. Dr. G. W. Williams.

C. L. Leonard, '95, lectured in Bridport Friday evening, March 15, on "Life in the U. S. Navy."

It is probable that a United States flag will be raised on the campus early next term, as considerable money has already been assured by the faculty for this purpose. We further understand that the flag has already been given by a Rutland family.

At a meeting of the Athletic association, held in the chapel Friday afternoon, the following committee was elected to draw up plans and act in co-operation with Prof. Howard as supervisors of building the grand stand: Fullam, '95, Fitzpatrick, '96, and Hayden, '97.

Prof. W. W. McGilton served as chairman of the judges of the Rutland Institute prize speaking contest held last Friday evening.

Obituary.

'52. Rev. G. C. Knapp.

A cable dispatch received March 14 by the American Board announced the death of Rev. George Cushing Knapp, at Bitlis, Eastern Turkey. Mr. Knapp had been a missionary in that country for 40 years.

He was once attacked upon the road by the notorious Koordish chief and robber, Mouse Bey, who left him unconscious and bound in a ravine of the Koordistan, the centre of the present political turmoil.

The Sassoun massacres occurred in that vicinity and there have been recent threats of the expulsion of the missionaries from that region. Mr. Knapp's death was not caused by any violence. He leaves

an adult son and daughter as missionaries at Salme station, who, with their mother and five other adults, will keep the work of education and evangelization in hand.

EARLY RISING.

The room is still dark; the curtain sways very gently to and fro as a breath of the chill morning air of winter creeps into the room. Breaths drawn long and regularly testify to the peaceful sleep of the occupant of the room.

Suddenly there comes a crash; there is a start from the bed, a convulsive lifting of the hands, an opening of the eyelids; then all is again quiet on the bed as the noise continues in its thundering way. When at last the clock ceases to give its alarm, a sigh from the bed testifies to the awakened condition of the sleeper, and also to the unsettled state of his mind. Then follows a debate. The inner man begins: "You must get up." The outer one responds drousily, "Must I?" "You *must;* you have work to do." "Just a minute longer." "*Now.*" "I am so sleepy." "Get up!" "O dear!" This inner consultation goes on for a few minutes, till the clock once more gives a warning peal, and the sleeper arouses to full consciousness. He glances around the room, raises himself on his elbow and looks through the window. and then sinks back with a shudder, "It is so cold." The bed never before seemed so warm, the pillow never so soft and the rest so delightful.

Therefore the outer man begins a new line of argument. He says: "You really need the rest. You know you were late to bed last night, and you really need an hour more of sleep. Take just one more nap." The inner man responds laconically with "Bosh!" and the outer one whines, "It is so cold."

All is quiet for a minute longer. Then the alarm gives one last faint tinkle, the outer man shrinks back, the inner one concedes one point and says: "You may take a nap in the afternoon, you are so sleepy." The man springs up. "The Rubicon is passed" and he is up for all day.

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